

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Heere is a place reserv'd Sir,

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake  
Thy goary lockes at me.

Rosse. Gentleman rise, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,  
And hath bene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,  
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought  
He will againe be well. If much you note him  
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,  
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that  
Which might appall the Diuell.

La. O proper stuffe:

This is the very painting of your feare:

This is the Ayre-drawne Dagger which you said

Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flawes and starts

(Impostors to true feare) would well become

A womans story, at a Winters fire

Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You looke but on a stoole.

Macb. Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how say you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.

If Charnell houses, and our Graues must send

Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments

Shall be the Mawes of Kytles.

La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time

Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:

I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd

Too terrible for the care. The tines has bene,

That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,

And there an end: But now they rise againe

With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,

And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange

Then such a murder is.

La. My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget:

Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,

I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,

Then Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table,

And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we misse:

Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Mac. Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:

Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with.

La. Thinke of this good Peeres!

But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,

Onely it spoyle the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What map dare I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,  
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves

Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,

And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword:

If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee

The Baby of a Gisle. Hence horrible shadow,

Vnrecall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone

I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

La. You haue displac'd the mirth,

Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,

And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,

Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange

Euen to the disposition that I owe,

When now I thinke you can behold such sights,

And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,

When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse

Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.

Stand not vpon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health

Attend his Maiesty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all.

Exit Lords.

Macb. It will haue blood they say:

Blood will haue Blood:

Stones haue bene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:

Augures, and vnderstood Relations, haue

By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth

The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person

At our great bidding.

La. Did you send to him Sir?

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow

(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.

More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know

By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,

All causes shall giue way. I am in blood

Stepr in so farre, that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go ore:

Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,

Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse

Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:

We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

### Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting  
Hecate.

1. Why how now Hecate, you looke angrily?

Hec. Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?

Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare

To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,

In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Mistris of your Charmes,  
The close contriuer of all harmes,  
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,  
Or shew the glory of our Art?

And which is worse, all you haue done

Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,

Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)

Loues for his owne ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gon,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he

Will come, to know his Destinie.

Your Vessels, and your Spels protide;

Your Charmes, and every thing beside;

I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile spend

Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.

Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.

Vpon the Corner of the Moone

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,

Ile catch it ere it come to ground;

And that distill'd by Magicke sights,

Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,

As by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his Confusion.

He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare

His hopes' boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:

And you all know, Security

Is Mortals cheefest Enemye.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see

Sits in a Foggy cloud, and staves for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1. Come, let's make hast, shee'l soone be

Backe againe.

Exeunt.

### Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,

Haue but hit your Thoughts

Which can interpret farther: Onely I say

Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*

Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:

And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,

Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,

For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walke too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbanc*

To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,

How it did greue *Macbeth*? Did he not straight

In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,

That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralls of sleepe?

Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:

For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue

To heare the men deny't. So that I say,

He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,

That had he *Duncan's* Sonnes vnder his Key,

(As, and't please Heaven he shall not) they should finde

What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.

But peace; for from broad words, and cause he say'd

His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare

*Macduffe* liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

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